



# THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD



VOL. XII

No. 1

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## CONTENTS.

Editorial Notes.—Welcome to Mr. Greig.—The Present Situation.—Night Turned into Day.—Reopening of a Mothers' Meeting.—Another Saved.—France and Protestantism.—A McAll Missionary in a French Country Town.—The Way Open.—The Oil of Joy.—A New-Comer's Impressions.—The Mission Boat.—An Encouraging Letter.—Epernay.—Here and There.—Receipts.

JANUARY, 1894

# THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

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Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will spend a part of the present winter in California. During Mrs. Chamberlain's absence the Assistant Treasurer will receive any sums that may be sent.

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The headquarters of the Mission are to be changed with new year, and evidently greatly for the better. The treasurer, Mr. W. Soltau, writes on the subject: "We have taken a little apartment close to the Madeleine. The address is *36 Rue Godot de Mauroy*. The street runs on to the boulevard de la Madeleine, being the second on the left as you go down from the Madeleine. So we are five minutes from the rue Royale, and in the center of all the hotels and of the foreign residents, besides being well placed for all Paris. I trust we shall see many of our friends there, and that none will go through without looking in, or at least sending word of their being in Paris. Now that we are moving to the center, our friends will have no excuse for not finding us out."

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Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., LL. D., one of the first friends of the McAll Mission in Philadelphia, and on the Advisory Board of the Auxiliary, entered into rest November 13, 1893, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. The work in France had his most earnest interest and sympathy, and those engaged in it could always depend upon him for encouragement and help. In his death we have lost a devoted friend.

The Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., has revised the little leaflet entitled "The Present Outlook in France," and it will be published as a tract, to be distributed in connection with Mr. Greig's visit.

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The Rev. S. R. Brown writes: "Resumed my meetings at Salle Cleveland after the holidays. At the door I was met by several habitués, who gave me a hearty welcome home. They told me they had been *bien ennuyés* during my absence, and were glad to get me back. So that, after preaching once a week to the same people, on the same subject, for ten years, the hearers are neither weary of the message nor tired of the messenger. Who will say, after this, that the French are a light-hearted people, fond of change? It reminded me of the saying of Dr. McAll, 'No theme but the gospel would draw in Paris a nightly audience for years.'

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On the evening of Sunday, October 8, says a French religious paper, an interesting meeting took place in a McAll hall in Boulogne. The regular attendants, to the number of a hundred, assembled for a farewell meeting for Mr. Cook, about to depart for Kabyle. In testimony of the gratitude to him for all the good he had done them, they had contributed a sufficient sum to purchase for him "The Golden Book of French Protestantism." M. Mabboux, their pastor, Pastor Meunier, of the Reformed Church, and M. H. Faure were their spokesmen, uttering their wishes of success to Mr. Cook in his new mission field, with the assurance of their sympathy and their prayers.

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Mrs. McAll has been greatly pleased by the affectionate offices of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor, of the American Union Church (Dr. Thurber's). They have several times placed their Sunday flowers on the grave of her husband, the revered and beloved Dr. McAll.

## WELCOME TO MR. GREIG.

This number of the RECORD will hardly be in the hands of our readers before Mr. Greig, the successor of Dr. McAll in the direction of the work of the Mission, will have set out upon his voyage to this country. On the 14th of January, if God wills, he will land in New York, and without a day's delay will begin the active and arduous campaign that has been arranged for him. An afternoon informal reception, to be followed by a public meeting, will be held in the Madison Square Church, New York, on the afternoon of Monday, the 15th, the Brooklyn Auxiliary being invited to take part.

On his American tour from New York Mr. Greig goes at once to New Haven and thence to Meriden, New Britain, Hartford, Windsor Locks, Conn. ; Springfield, Northampton, Boston, Mass. ; Portland, Me. ; Norwich, Conn. ; Worcester, Mass. ; Amherst, Mass. ; Pittsfield, Mass. ; Albany, Troy, Syracuse, and Rochester, N. Y. ; Toronto, Canada ; Buffalo, N. Y. ; Cleveland, O. ; Chicago ; Indianapolis ; Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, O. ; Pittsburgh and Allegheny, Harrisburg, Pa. ; Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia ; New Brunswick, Newark, Elizabeth, Plainfield, Orange, and Morristown, N. J., and again to New York, where a farewell meeting will be held the evening before he sails, February 24. In several instances, four or more Auxiliaries will meet in a central city and join in the meeting of the local society. For instance, Northampton, Boston, Portland, Toronto, and Philadelphia will extend invitations to their neighbors to share in receiving Mr. Greig.

It will be seen from this list of engagements that Mr. Greig's campaign will be an arduous one, and it is not surprising that Dr. Thurber, in a letter published in this number, cautions us against letting him overdo. It is very evident, however, that Mr. Greig looks forward to his visit here with no apprehension of the kind ; and, indeed, his zeal for the

cause is too great to leave room for much thought of himself. He writes to our President that he is ready to be "worked hard;" and, indeed, the fact that he is willing to cross the ocean twice in the depth of winter, shows how ardently he desires to serve the Mission, and how fully he is persuaded that by coming to America he can benefit the cause.

While we rejoice that our new Director is so full of zeal and self-devotion, we must do all in our own power to see that his efforts do not fail of their end. There is, assuredly, no better way to prevent him from being overtired by all he has undertaken to do in this country than by a large attendance at the meetings he will hold. Surely, when he has crossed the ocean to speak to us, we may well afford to go out to hear him speak, even though the place of meeting be somewhat distant and the weather none of the best. There is no such help to a speaker as an eloquent audience, and a large audience is far more likely to be inspiring than a small one. Let us make every effort to persuade our friends to attend these meetings, whether or not they are already interested in the McAll Mission. Let us not leave it to any committee to "work up a meeting," but each one of us do our part toward giving Mr. Greig the sort of welcome he will most value—a welcome which will show that our hearts are with his heart in devotion to this cause.

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Miss Annie Beard, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. A. F. Beard, formerly of the American Church, Paris, will sail for Paris in a few weeks, to devote herself to the work of the Mission, especially among the children. Miss Beard is an accomplished kindergartner, and will introduce kindergarten methods into some of the children's schools. As much of Miss Beard's childhood was passed in Paris, she is thoroughly familiar, not only with the French language, but with the aims and work of the Mission, her father having been one of the Board of Direction during his residence in Paris.

## THE PRESENT SITUATION.

BY THE REV. DR. THURBER.

[Pastor of the American Church, 21 Rue de Berri, Paris.]

Soon the American McAll Association will have the pleasure of seeing and meeting our Director, the Rev. Charles E. Greig, M. A. He expects to reach New York on January 12, 1894, and we know that he will receive from the friends of the Mission and the McAll Auxiliaries a cordial and generous welcome.

We have a little fear that his readiness to respond to all the calls which may be made upon him will lead to too severe a strain upon his health and strength, and we therefore commit him to the merciful kindness of our friends' prudent judgment.

Mr. Greig's activity here is unsparing. The general work in France, with its large details, is on his heart, and he is giving unstinted attention and service. We feel that we in Paris shall miss his organizing and executive ability, and we cannot spare him for a long while in America. We are happy, however, to have the friends and auxiliaries in America come into still closer touch with our Director and know him. We believe the acquaintance will lead to still larger confidence in him, and more enthusiastic co-operation in the Mission work.

The present Board of Directors are laboring in great harmony of judgment and effort. The details of our work are minutely studied. In the matter of receipts and expenditures three ideas govern us—efficiency, economy and the avoiding of debt. We have been compelled to retrench so that we may not exceed the receipts which we may expect on the basis of the past contributions of the friends of the Mission.

We realized that when our lamented leader, Dr. McAll, was called from us, the question would be raised, Will the Mission go on with vigor and success, or has it depended for



its life as well as its inception upon the remarkable servant of God who founded and fostered it? The answer to this question is, The work is of God. It is His agency towards helping in the evangelization of France. He called Dr. McAll, and now He calls His servants to carry forward this work. As a pioneer agency, and as an auxiliary to the Christian forces in operation here, it is of supreme importance and admirably adapted.

No great work will achieve success by a remarkable beginning. It must have added to this continuous effort. It is on this last line that the Mission is now working. Our past is glorious, but not sufficient. The persistence of constant giving, increasing prayer, and patience in well doing are the demand of the hour.

The outlook for the work of the winter is encouraging. The services in the halls are well attended and well conducted. Some after meetings have given evidence of the influence of Gospel truth upon the hearts of the hearers. The Sunday-schools, societies for the young people, fraternal societies for mutual edification and help, the mothers' meetings and the regular Gospel services in the halls on Sunday and during the week, indicate the varied forms in which the work is being carried on.

The mothers' meetings in the Salle New York are very large this autumn. Mrs. LeGay, who has charge, speaks of the increasing value of this branch of the work. Between two and three hundred women from the most humble and destitute classes are reached, taught and influenced by these meetings. They carry a power of untold value from these services into their darkened and depraved homes. Some of these homes have been transformed.

In sympathy with this work the Ladies' Benevolent Association of the American Church, 21 rue de Berri, is actively engaged in preparing suitable garments to be dis-



tributed to the poor during the Christmas fêtes. This society is having a most prosperous year. The attendance is large. An excellent spirit pervades it. Interesting discussions and readings are given. Ladies from every part of our country, Canada and Great Britain meet on the common ground of Christian life and service. The contributions have been generous, and a large number of garments are being prepared. The meetings are held on every Friday afternoon, from two to five o'clock, at the houses of different ladies.

If we had a church house, and the facilities which it would afford, we believe the influence of the church and its work would be largely increased.

EDWARD G. THURBER.

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#### NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY.

Said a man in an after meeting: "I was an infidel. I neither believed in God nor the soul. My wife, a Bretonne, had a little faith left, when, as I was on night work, she got a paper inviting her to the Salle Rivoli. She got a taste for the meetings, and when I was on day work she begged me to come. I only laughed at her weakness, but to please her I came. Before long I began to say to myself: 'These are learned men; they know what they say.' A small book was given me, the 'Life of Jesus by St. Luke,' and what with hearing and reading *I was changed from night to day*. Then being out of work, we went into the country, with a Bible marked by Miss Johnson. Oh! it has been a comfort. If we were down-cast, sad, homeless, it comforted us. And it was while seeking work we saw the power and goodness of God." This is how a Brittany Catholic and a French infidel have been led from black darkness to glorious light. The Rivoli meetings and St. Luke's gospel has turned their *night into day*.—S. B. BROWN.

## REOPENING OF A MOTHERS' MEETING.

BY MADAME LE GAY.

It is pleasant, after a long outing spent among varied scenes and experiences, to return once more to one's work—life work, perhaps, especially when it lies within the boundaries of this dear Mission.

And it is more than pleasant when we find we have not been forgotten, that our movements have been of interest, and earnest prayers have followed our footsteps; while the beaming faces and hearty shake of the hand tell us of our welcome back. Still, there is no sunshine without shadow, and as we call the roll we find that many changes have taken place; our ranks are broken.

Our beloved leader is gone. We miss his presence everywhere, yet all who knew and loved him, have a share in "his legacy of permanent influence."

His deep convictions, his broad-mindedness, his great faith, and his largeness of purpose, which have opened up this Mission to its wonderful success, fill us with desire to work along the same lines, that we may obtain a like blessing, and with a new and deeper consecration begin again.

Following down the list, we come to the youngest member of them all, and as we call the name of Jeanne Garnier, the joy and sunbeam of the mothers' meeting, no voice responds. She, too, is with her God, and answers now to His call alone.

It seems unfortunate that some of our oldest and best friends in the Mission have been obliged to leave, for personal reasons. At the same time, new ones have come in, and, after all, our number is no mean force.

We were sorry when Madame Rombeau, our Bible woman, sent in her resignation for the end of September. It was accepted reluctantly, for her gentle ways and sympa-

thetic nature had won her many hearts. But as her husband had taken a station at Roubaix, she was obliged to follow him.

Again we are reminded that the Lord's promises are sure ; that He will not forsake them who call upon Him ; and, in the midst of our perplexity, one has been sent us with more qualifications for the work than we had ever dared hope for. Mademoiselle Maire is a young woman of about twenty-seven years, the daughter of an officer in the French army, who died some years ago. He was a Roman Catholic, but the mother a good Protestant. According to the marriage contract the children had to be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith ; but, under the supervision and tenderness of a Christian mother, the result can readily be imagined. As soon as Mademoiselle Maire was of age and free to choose for herself, she embraced the Protestant faith, and gave herself entirely to God's service. All her time and all her energy have been given to work among the poor, while two years were spent in the prison at Nanterre, where she learned many valuable lessons.

Young, strong, devoted, zealous, {consecrated, and experienced, seem almost too many qualities, and yet I believe her endowed with them all ; and I thank God that we have one who is so much needed.

I have been much interested in her way of handling some of the cases, and perhaps I should have added a detective quality with the others. At our first meeting, on November 1st, a miserable, poor-looking creature asked for help. She was refused, as the rule is to do no charity in the hall, and, beside, she was not known. Before the next week came around, however, Mademoiselle had all the information necessary. Calling the woman to her she said, " You are poor, and you are in distress ; but the story you told me last week is all false. You drink, and you have been drunk

almost this entire week. Your life has been one of shame and disgrace. Two years you have spent in prison. Now go home and repent of your sinful life, and come next week, resolved, by the help of God, you will be a better woman. At present we can do nothing for you." Several other cases were treated in a similar manner, and I never expected to see the women again, but they all returned, without exception.

Our first regular meeting was held on All Saints' Day, November 1st. Mme. Rombeau, before leaving, said to me, "You will not begin on that day, for it is a general fête; you will have no women, they all go to the cemeteries." "That is just why I shall begin. It is impossible to control and organize a body of undisciplined, indiscriminate women in two hours' time, so I hope they will be few." Some announcements were made, and I was delighted to find the staff complete. The Directress and her assistant, Madame Doy, who also is at the head of the *layette* department; Miss Bulkley, our admirable organist, second only to Mrs. McAll; Miss Lowe, sister to Mrs. Greig, and of whose admirable school at Grenelle you have already heard, who, with Miss Taylor, takes charge of the work, giving it out, controlling it, etc.

Notwithstanding it being a fête day, we provided for a hundred women; one hundred and thirty came, many new ones among them; the second week there were about two hundred and twenty present, with a still larger number of new faces—new to us, but, alas! old in sin and misery—hard, depraved faces. They came mostly, I am sure, because they knew something was given there, perhaps only a piece of dry bread. Ready enough are they to accept it, but we want them to desire with the same eagerness the Bread of Life, and realize the wealth that is bound up in His word and love. Some of them do, thank God. There is the story

of Mme. Hubert, the poor old woman with a large goitre, all bent and decrepit with age, whose son, in a fit of passion, threw her down stairs, nearly killing her. He was arrested and put in prison for over two months, until it was seen what the mother's fate would be—to live or die. She got well enough, went to the prison door and said to the guardian, "My son is very guilty, but I shall not prosecute him. I have come here to forgive him. They tell me in the Salle Rivoli that God is pleased when we forgive them who have injured us, and I forgive him;" and the son fell prostrate at her feet to receive her pardon. Then there was her widowed daughter, with her two little children: she who had that dreadful cough all last winter, and yet upon whom devolved the support of the four. Full of courage, she worked on all winter in the cold and wet, receiving her only comfort from one of our members in America, who provided her with cod liver oil; but the forces against her were too much; she grew rapidly worse toward spring, until one day they stood around her bed, listening to her last words. And what were they? All words of joy! "I am going to my Saviour, whom I love: do not grieve for me. I am so thankful for the truths I learned in the Salle Rivoli; thank those ladies for me, and tell them I have only one wish ungratified. I should so much have liked to see them once again in the dear hall—how I loved to go there!" Surely it was His peace she had found. Now the poor old mother is left alone with the two little ones—a sad group—she, too old and infirm to work, and they too young; pale and pinched faces tell the tale of many privations, but there is no murmuring. "I lay awake last night and prayed for you all night long," was the only expression that I heard last Wednesday. And the only joy that enters those lives is what they find in the Salle Rivoli. The children are in the Sunday-school, and the little girl in the sewing-school; and we

mean to save them, by God's help. Let me give one more instance, among the many, who are reached and lifted up by the influences at work in the Salle Rivoli. I will translate Mademoiselle Maire's description of her visit to this family, "The *famille* Gosselin, composed of father, mother and three children, living in a miserable attic room on a sixth floor, in a far-away part of Paris. With the best will in the world, it is impossible for me to describe my impressions as I entered this room. The father was absent; the wife told me he had gone to the Society of the Blind, to buy a few pounds of paper, sold at a cent a pound, of which to make paper sacks, which he could resell for six cents a pound; and the two, working together, could earn eighteen cents a day, for the support of the five persons.

"The husband, after having submitted to several operations, was still almost blind and could scarcely see enough to find his way in the street. 'We have three children,' she said; 'one is apprenticed, consequently earns nothing, a girl of thirteen. The second is a boy of seven, whom you see; and the third is this little baby girl. You can see, Mademoiselle, that it is not possible for us to live upon the eighteen sous we make per day; to pay our rent and food,' and she showed me the soup, in a vessel in the corner of the chimney, made of bread and water and a little lard. Then, with a sigh, she added: 'At first, when we got into such misery, I used to cry and be discouraged. I murmured constantly, and was even hard upon my husband and my children; but now it is as if a fairy had been here, thanks to the mothers' meetings in Salle Rivoli, on Wednesdays; there I have learnt, little by little, to know God and to love Him. I am no more the same. I assure you, if I am prevented from going to this meeting, I am sad, I miss it so. Now I am never discouraged, I know God will not abandon me. I want to live to do my duty.'

“And, in truth, she does it. Her room is cleanliness itself; the worn-out clothes that cover her husband and her children are irreproachably clean. We prayed together, and what a prayer; full of gratitude for His goodness and thanks for the bread that was lacking, but, in perfect faith, she knew would come!”

Leaving this good woman, Mademoiselle prayed as she went her way, “O God, bless abundantly this family! How many others are there still in Paris, in the same distress, who have had the same opportunities of hearing Thy word, but have not heeded?”

If we could only tell you of all the good we see in our visits resulting from these weekly re-unions of mothers, and then the evil all round about them, and the longing desire to give to others also the efficacious remedy found in these meetings, there would not be one soul who would read the tale but would feel impressed to aid, in one way or another, to gather the outsiders in.

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#### ANOTHER SAVED.

We generally meet for prayer in the back room before the meeting. To-night Miss Wellington, who brings the maidens from her Home Français, said: “I have such good news to tell. You remember that nice Catholic girl I told you about? Well, she came into my room for prayer, and she was converted there and then, and to-day, of her will, she went with me to the Eglise de l’Etoile, the late Pastor Bersier’s church, and took the sacrament, and wants us to return thanks to God.”

So we three, Miss Johnstone, Miss Wellington and I, kneel to thank God that another one is gathered in by the Good Shepherd.

A WORKER.

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“God’s ways seem dark, but soon or late  
They touch the shining hills of day.”



## FRANCE AND PROTESTANTISM, EARLY AND LATE.

[The Rev. W. Richards, D. D., of Plainfield, New Jersey, recently preached a sermon on the services of France to the cause of Protestantism, with especial reference to the duty of Americans to aid in repaying to that country something of the religious benefits our country has received from France, and pointing to the McAll Mission as the fitting channel through which to perform that duty. At the request of the editor, Dr. Richards kindly consented to the publication in the RECORD of the following extract.]

Our Protestant Churches often recall our debt of gratitude to Luther and his fellow-reformers of Germany. We are learning to appreciate in these days better than ever before our debt of gratitude to the Reformed Church of the Netherlands—William of Orange and his Dutch countrymen. The speakers of the English language are not likely to forget altogether our debt to the noble men of our dear Mother Country, Wyclif and Tyndale and Cranmer and Latimer and Ridley. . . . But there is another great country whose contribution to the cause of Protestantism may not be so often or so easily remembered. . . . In some sense it seems to me that the part which France played in that great religious struggle may be called the noblest of all, for she kept no benefit of it to herself. France impoverished herself—bankrupted herself—that many others might be made rich.

[Then followed a historic sketch of French Protestantism from the Reformation, showing how and why the persecution of the Huguenots and their consequent emigration to other lands resulted in the impoverishment of France and the enrichment of the Netherlands, England and America.]

The Revolution and Napoleon's empire at last put an end to the legal persecution of Protestants. French Protestantism, if any of it was left, might then come out from its dens and caves and once more dare to be in the light of day. A very little of it was left, but through such long-continued hiding in the dark the life was pretty well pressed out of it, and so through one entire half of this century the resurrected Huguenot Church in France seemed content to open her

own eyes to the sun once more, and live and have a being without putting forth any serious effort to grow. In that weary time of concealment they had almost lost the idea of commending their faith to other men. But within the last score of years various influences have been rousing these ancient Huguenot Churches to a share in the great missionary revival of modern times.

One influence, stronger perhaps than all others combined, is the work in France of that grand Englishman who has lately gone to his reward, the McAll Mission. I need not tell you the story ; many of you know it by heart. But will you notice how strangely this last chapter fits itself into the long history of French Protestantism which we have been briefly reviewing. For one thing, this is a tardy paying back to France, by England and America, of one small part of our debt to her for these thousands of choice exiles she lent us long ago. For two hundred years they have been enriching us, and let us pay back as lavishly as we will, we can hardly hope now to catch up with the sacred debt.

But again, this McAll Mission has begun to work by giving to France that very element for lack of which early French Protestantism was weak. For early French Protestantism barely touched the French people at the bottom among the ignorant and poor and lowly. So it was like a house whose roof is heavier than its foundations. But the McAll Mission began at the bottom, and has attained to its great success among the ignorant and the poor, England and America thus giving back to France the best points of our own religious experience in return for all she has given to us.

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Mrs. Pim writes ; "All want us to come back next year ; and notwithstanding the harvest, the boat is full of men coming after their hard day's work. And now we have the organist of the Catholic chapel, who plays the harmonium."

## A McALL MISSIONARY IN A FRENCH COUNTRY TOWN.

[From the *New York Evangelist*.]

Hoden-en-bray, Chapelle aux Pots? No; no one knew where it was, still less how to get there. Fortunately, every country has its Bradshaw to supplement geographical ignorance and "to guide the traveller on his way." So I betake me to the Gare du Nord, where I confidently install myself in the train, and after four hours travelling on a main line, we are transferred to a branch line, which is delightful in its primitiveness. Time is absolutely of no importance. We draw up at innumerable village stations with imposing names, but a striking paucity of houses: sometimes even in the midst of fields; and these stoppages have no apparent object beyond that of allowing our passengers the distraction of a little stroll, or a friendly conversation with the white-capped or blue-bloused peasants who crowd around us. But, as the French proverb truly says, "However slowly one walks, one ends by arriving." So did we. A spring cart and a friendly face are awaiting me, and in less than an hour the unknown quantity, Hoden-en-bray, takes visible shape and form; but *how* far one seemed from Paris, with its whirl and agitation, its lights and its civilization, as one followed one's guide along what seemed, in the darkness of the November evening, to be a cross between a ploughed field and a running brook! Nor were my companion's injunctions as reassuring as she intended them to be, "Hold tight on to me, mademoiselle, do not be afraid, you cannot sink *very* far." "Ah, take care," as one stumbled over some unseen object. "Those are the apples. You see in summer it is dry here, but we have had a great deal of rain, and they are carrying in the apples, so"—end of sentence drowned in my despairing cries.

At length we arrive at the door of a long, low house: on the threshold stands a pleasant-faced girl, candle in hand, waiting to welcome us. This is Angèle, one of "my girls,"

transplanted here. To visit her mother and herself is the object of my coming; it is the former who has successfully piloted me through the dangers of the courtyard (*enclos*). A pretty little woman she is, with a sweet face and a sad story, which deserves a word of mention.

Converted some years ago in Paris in one of the McAll Mission stations, she has sorely suffered for her faith. Her husband, himself a free thinker, bitterly resented his wife's having any religion at all, and above all, one that was not like everybody else's. Without the slightest reason he left her, a heart breaking sorrow for the affectionate little soul. For some time she kept her three daughters with her, and she hoped that the grace of God was working in all their hearts, but alas, Demas has his successors in all ages; at the end of a year after his desertion of his wife, the father called upon his children to choose between, on the one side himself and the mass, on the other, their mother and Protestantism, which in this case was equivalent to poverty. Their interest lay entirely with him; he was well-to-do and could push them on in the world. The two elder took this wordly-wise view of matters, and were forthwith put into a convent school. Angèle alone remained true to her convictions and to her mother. Then began for them a time of painful privation and isolation; people were afraid to associate with or employ the "heretics," and although the father allowed his daughter the magnificent sum of 5d. a day, just sufficient to keep them from absolute starvation, it was doled out with so many arbitrary restrictions that they were practically prisoners. His death a few years ago deprived them of even this resource, and they returned to Paris. But being incapable of succeeding in the struggle for life of a great city, they returned to Mme. T.'s native village, where some relatives are still living, and where, by working early and late Angèle can earn six francs and a half (\$1.30) a week to support them both. Great

was their distress at finding themselves once more alone as to their faith, and cut off from all outward means of grace, and most pathetic entreaties reached us that some one would come to hold meetings. But it was impossible even to think of the mission sending an evangelist into a hamlet when like appeals from important places have to be refused for want of funds. There being then absolutely no one else available, here I am !

The first door opens into what is called "*la pièce*," that the cooking is done there is simply a detail, which by no means lowers it into a kitchen. It is a large, brick-tiled room, with very scanty furniture and an enormous chimney, which, alas, was empty, so that on this cold, damp evening the general effect was distinctly depressing, and it was cheering to hear that we were invited to dinner "*chez la tante*," so with short preparations we sallied forth, Angèle forming the advance guard and carrying a lantern, an absolutely necessary precaution.

I thought I had had some experience of mud : I had even made acquaintance in my time with quagmires, but in the course of that short walk, I discovered that all knowledge is relative. I had *not* known what mud can be. We forded streams, we almost disappeared in crevasses, before we reached our destination, but once there, we were amply recompensed for our pains : a warm welcome awaited us from "the aunt," and a good fire, before which we were put to dry.

Very picturesque and French-looking were our hostess and her mother, with their striped camisoles and short petticoats and their bright kerchiefs wound, turban fashion, round their heads. The kindly old grandmother was sweet-faced and gentle ; the house-mistress, bustling, managing, hot-tempered, but good natured, provided she had always her own way, the sort of person for whom the expression, "*maîtresse femme*," must have been invented. Much depended upon the verdict of this formidable relative, and it was amus-

ing to find that great had been the questionings and earnest the desires that a *Protestant* might find favor in her eyes. An invitation to *déjeuner* next morning seemed of good augur, and my polite demur was silenced by an argument which all housekeepers will agree to be unanswerable, "The scraps must be eaten." Said scraps having passed through a French woman's transforming fingers, appeared next day in most appetizing form, and while doing full justice to them, we renewed last evening's discussion as to where our evening meeting was to be held. "*La pièce*" in our cottage seemed the most natural solution, but, my friends were convinced that no one would come into a private house, "much too compromising," said they. *La Salle de Danse* being the only public room available, it seemed as if one would be forced to waive one's objection and have it there, but on finding that *consommation*, in other words, drinking, would necessarily go on in the adjoining room, there could be no question of yielding, so declaring that if we had only a few old women we should be quite contented, we decided for "*la pièce*," and my little hostess started on her round of invitations. Will any one come? *question palpitante!* which filled our minds as we arranged the benches kindly lent us by a neighbor. But long before eight o'clock, the hour announced, the character of the doubts had changed, and we were asking each other anxiously, "What shall we do with them all? Where shall we stow them?" For the people poured in, all sorts and conditions of men, old men and maidens, grandmothers and gamins.

We began with singing, which found great favor. I had brought a small, portable harmonium, and as the T.'s knew many of the hymns, we contrived at least to make a joyful noise. The accommodation problem became each moment more embarrassing; the bed-room door was opened, more benches were brought in, and when we reached the respecta-

ble number of seventy, we stood a fair chance of being asphyxiated, so that it was rather a relief when, in the middle of the address, the public-house keeper, finding that things were not quite according to his taste, marched out, followed by a band of kindred spirits. I told the story of the Cross, and the motley congregation listened with an eagerness which plainly showed that it was no hackneyed tale to them.

We sang several hymns to wind up, and after a few words of prayer, we wished them "Good night," but no one stirred. At last an intelligent working-man, at least he seemed so to me, was nudged up to the point of being spokesman, and asked, pleadingly, "Might we have another hymn!" When I say that my musical talents are *not* appreciated in Paris, and this is perhaps putting it too gently, the graciousness with which I assented may be imagined. It is a great thing not to be *blasé*.

Some one has, I think, remarked that there is "no rose without a thorn;" our thorn was the proprietor. In the courtyard were the apples for the winter's cider, as I knew to my cost, and in various out-houses were provisions of wood and vegetables, so that we could not but feel that he was justified in objecting to such a crowd of strangers being admitted without surveillance. Next morning we called upon the irate landlord, who proved amenable. He agreed that the gate might be open for half an hour before the next meeting, a responsible person being in charge; after that it must be rigorously shut till the close. Notwithstanding this restriction, the room was filled by a most attentive audience; we had the notabilities too, for although the dignity of M. le Propriétaire and of the schoolmaster would not quite permit of their taking their place among the rank and file, they remained beside the open window throughout the meeting; and we had, at least, the choir boys with their leader; the latter, a quaint little personage on crutches, stopped at the close for a chat. He



considered himself an authority on matters of Protestant doctrine, for he informed us, he had "a cousin who lived in Paris and knew a Protestant!" He was greatly puzzled as to *what* I was, what official position I held. I was vainly trying to convince him that I had none, when Angèle settled the question by declaring that I was a nun, only a Protestant one. This explanation so entirely satisfied him, and was such an evident relief to his mind, that I had not the heart to attempt to undeceive him; it would have been useless if I had.

But now the lanterns are lit, the "sabots" are donned, and the last "Au revoir," and *à bientôt* rings through the darkness as our little assembly files out of the court.

Next morning, in the midst of reiterated entreaties to come back very soon, we said good-bye to the simple population who had given so warm a reception to a stranger, who was neither of their nation or their faith, but who had come to tell them of a Saviour's love. It was a solemn thought, yet one fraught with joy, that we had had the privilege of being the first to announce a free salvation in that village. Even from a Roman Catholic point of view their religious advantages are small, as M. le Curé is so old and infirm that he is often obliged to stop midway in his sermon and dismiss his audience.

Has any permanent good been done? one is tempted unbelievably to ask. Results we must leave with Him who has promised that His Word shall accomplish that for which He has sent it, even the salvation of souls. But, one thing is certain, that France is open to the Gospel. Who will come in and help us?

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A. D. JOHNSTONE.

Readers of the RECORD are to be congratulated on the character of the articles in the present number. It is not every missionary periodical that can give its readers such articles as two or three in these pages.

## THE WAY OPEN.

BY MR. W. SOLTAU.

The following story, though not strictly a McAll Mission incident, will serve as an illustration of the oft-repeated truth that the way is abundantly open to any who have the heart to carry the Gospel to the villages and hamlets in France, of which Dr. McAll used to say that there were about thirty thousand needing evangelists. A young lady spoke to me after an English service in the month of August, saying she was to spend some weeks in France, and would I give her some tracts and Bibles to distribute. I found she was French, but had been for fifteen years in England, off and on. She had been converted in England about twelve months ago, having lived before a thoroughly godless life, as did her father and only brother. She had been brought up as a child in the Roman Catholic Church, but on the occasion of her first communion, and, in consequence, first confession, the priest had put such questions to her that she vowed she would never enter a church again.

After her conversion she desired to go as a missionary. Her father violently opposed all such ideas, and has forced her to continue her studies and pass her last examination as a teacher of English here. She has been earning her living by teaching in England for some time, and is highly qualified. So she came over this summer to take her last diploma. She asked me how she could begin work in her village, where she was with her aunt. I advised her to speak to all the women she could, to read to them the Bible, to gather the children to teach them hymns and the Bible, and then to sell as many copies of the Scriptures as she could, and give to those too poor to buy. I advised her to avoid all controversy, to attack nothing that she had now come to see to be wrong, but to tell all she knew about the love and power of God, that He hears and answers prayer, that He is near to each one of us,

and that He knows all our needs, and that the Lord Jesus is a Saviour all-mighty. In fact, I gave her her first lesson in "McAll" work on the lines so well laid down for us. The consequence was she got the whole village around her. She had meetings for women in the hall of the *mairie*, and on a fête day the men insisted that they too should have a meeting, and fifty-four came in, the room being crowded. Thus this young Christian of only twelve months' experience has been able to open work in that village, and I trust we may find some one not too far off to go there at least occasionally. She will settle in France as teacher in some government school, and hopes to work regularly there for the Lord.

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#### THE OIL OF JOY.

The meeting of adult Sunday-school was over, teachers were talking to their groups, and I had passed into the vestry for tea, when a lady teacher came and said, "Have you a minute to spare?"

"Two; what is it?"

"I want you to know this woman, who was converted under one of your sermons last winter. Come and see her."

I was introduced to a bright, round face, a cheerful looking woman. Madame was all smiles, and told me: "I lost my husband five years ago. I was so unhappy and did nothing but cry, and my neighbors said I was a picture of misery, when a woman advised me to come here and I should be comforted; and you said, sir, 'Jesus came to heal the broken-hearted and wipe away all our tears,' and I just believed the good message; and I am so happy now I don't cry, and I am trying to bring others to the Salle." She was radiant with sunshine in her heart, and it was reflected on her happy face. God had given her a garland for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning. To Him be all praise.

S. B. B.

## A NEW-COMER'S IMPRESSIONS.

I have been asked to give a new-comer's impressions of the McAll Mission. In the first place, the French people with whom I came in contact are more serious and earnest than I had expected. The preaching is, for the most part, simple, practical, and not at all sensational. It is interesting to watch the people as they enter. If you stood with me at the door, this is what you might see, after the first rush of those who had been waiting: First, a rather tall but bent old woman, wearing a white cape, enters with a happy smile and an air of being perfectly at home in the Salle. Next comes a well-dressed young man, dark and handsome, and he also has his special seat. Here is a stout, red-faced woman, bearing two immense baskets; she settles herself comfortably on the cushioned seat at the side of the hall, and places the baskets at her feet. Then a little hunchback, an old man with fine, high forehead and snow-white hair and beard. Now come in three giggling girls, bareheaded, with gay-colored capes on their shoulders. They extract much amusement from their neighbors and each other during the service. Here is a sturdy workman, in his blue blouse, who comes in quietly and reverently. Next comes a portly, kind-faced woman, leading a pretty little girl, both perfectly neat and clean. And here is a new-comer, face and hands black and clothing ragged. He stares in surprise at the hymn-book offered him, but murmurs "*Merci.*" Once seated, he gazes to the right and left, but listens well when the service begins. Another stranger is a young gentleman with silver-headed umbrella and immaculate attire. He refuses the hymn-book with an amused smile, and takes the very back seat. Having carefully placed his tall beaver on his knee, he adjusts his eye-glasses and scrutinizes the Bible texts on the wall, and evidently considers the whole affair as an excellent joke, and a few minutes later, during the prayer, he disappears. You

may also see a soldier, resplendent in his uniform and gilt epaulettes, and with him a young girl; and lastly appears a woman loaded with a big bag and two gigantic brooms.

One Thursday I visited the meeting of the children at Salle Rivoli. They answered Mr. Brown's questions on the Sunday-school lesson very well; Madame Rombeau was the teacher at that time, but she has since left Paris. On Sunday afternoons an adult Sunday-school is held at this Salle, and, in the absence of one of the helpers, I taught a class of five women one Sunday. One of these showed a good knowledge of the Bible, and talked well. She happened to mention that she had come out from the Romish Church. A little old woman was much interested, and asked, eagerly, "Have you really left it entirely?" The other answered, "Yes; and I am so happy since I did." "Well," said the old woman, "I am a Catholic, but I come here every Sunday. The priests tell me that it is wicked to read the Bible, but you Protestants have full leave to read it, haven't you?" The other woman answered, "O yes; it is the Word of God, and He wants us to read it." Afterwards this woman explained quite clearly that we are saved not by our good works, but by faith in Christ.

The salle at Bonne Nouvelle seems to be in a flourishing condition. The night I was there one hundred and seventy were present. There is a small Sunday-school at Salle Beach, and also a dispensary, where seventy patients are admitted each time. I think the dispensary work is vastly important, and that it affords the grandest opportunities, especially for talking with those who would not or could not attend the meetings. Almost all listen attentively when one reads from the Bible.

Mr. Anderson, whom many of you had the privilege of hearing in America two years ago, is pastor of an English Congregational Church, which holds its services in Salle Philadelphie.

Mr. Greig has a Sunday-school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, much like a mission school in America. The teachers are young French people, who have grown up under Mr. Greig's instructions. After a short study of the lesson by the classes, Mr. Greig himself took charge. The lesson was the first part of the fifth chapter of Romans, certainly a difficult passage to teach to a gathering of restless children, most of whom were seven or eight years of age. Mr. Greig accomplished the feat with a clearness, rapidity and success truly remarkable. He used the blackboard only to write a few key words, and whenever, during the talk, one of these words was to be used, he paused and let the children supply it, which they did with enthusiasm and without a single mistake. They readily answered questions on the last Sunday's lesson. In fact, Mr. Greig's teaching is so forcible and thorough that it seems to be for all time.

After the Sunday-school, and before the evening meeting, we took tea with the teachers in a room adjoining the Salle. These young people are hard at work during the week, and they thoroughly enjoy this social time. Mr. Greig is genial, and makes it pleasant for them. They are members of a Y. P. S. C. E. in his church. The ladies of the McAll Mission, as well as the men, are untiring in their zeal and devotion to the work. This is a grand campaign, and the battle is not ours, but the Lord's, and He will lead to victory. I ask your earnest prayers for us, that we may follow Him closely. This is not an empty request, but one that voices a heartfelt need.

E. L. CHICKERING.

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The best way to increase contributions to the McAll Mission is to make its work known, and the best way to do that is through the literature of the subject. After reading your RECORD, pass it on to some friend.

## THE MISSION BOAT.

[From *La Fraternité Populaire.*]

The *Bon Messenger* was at Nanteuil from August 28 to September 11. Nanteuil is a suburb of Saacy, a town which, before the Revocation, contained more than one hundred Protestant families, but which now has scarcely half a score. Here, as everywhere, the boat aroused a lively curiosity, and very soon this curiosity was changed into a veritable interest. This was our first stop at Nanteuil, but it is to be hoped that this will be the commencement of a series of stations, for we received an excellent welcome. Evening after evening, although it was the time of the vintage, when the people of these valleys are called to excessive toil, we had before us a numerous and attentive audience. Many young people were among them, and there was much enthusiasm in the singing of the hymns. During the day Mrs. Pim had many assiduous visitors, among others a large farmer, who was unhappily addicted to drink, but who, nevertheless, came every evening, taking his seat upon the front bench. One evening, when I had been obliged to beg some lively young men to conduct themselves a little more seriously, he took upon himself to keep order. A few days later, having fallen ill, he thanked Captain and Mrs. Pim with deep emotion for a visit they made him, and for all the good which he had received from the meetings.

The inhabitants of neighboring villages came often to the meetings. From a single one there came one evening more than one hundred persons. Among them was a very serious man, a Roman Catholic and friend of the curé; he has come regularly every evening except one or two, when he was detained by illness. He kept the curé informed of our work and our preaching. The curé is a man of large ideas, in no respect intolerant. More than once he has said to the children who asked his permission to come to the



boat, "Certainly, certainly, children, go ; I shall be much pleased to have you." He even gave them leave to absent themselves from vespers, that they might come to share Mrs. Pim's instructions—a very significant fact. He has asked for a copy of our hymn-book, with the music, that he may have the hymns sung in his church. This is certainly a sign of the times. Our hymns learned by a priest of the Roman Church, and played and sung with his approbation in a Roman Catholic Church ! Who of us would have dared hope such a thing?

F. E. CERISIER.

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#### AN ENCOURAGING LETTER.

It is no more than nine years since our hall on the great boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, Salle Baltimore, was opened for nightly Gospel meetings. During that time thousands have heard the glad tidings, and while, as in apostolic days, some have mocked, many have said by their regular attendance and quiet listening that for them it was a good day when they were first induced to enter the hall. And the task of standing on the street and inviting the passers-by to enter is an honorable one, and, if undertaken in the right spirit, one of great blessing. To feel that you have been able to bring many hundreds under the sound of the preacher's voice who else would never have known the meaning of the word "*évangile*" is a cause for no little thankfulness to those who can never hope to stand before men and preach Christ, but who can no less surely "witness the good confession" by being outside and pressing their fellows to enter.

The following letter was lately received by M. L'Eplattenier, who is the permanent doorkeeper at Bonne Nouvelle. It is from a young journalist who, with his wife, was invited in one evening, and now both have received blessing to their souls. A little child, born after they had been thus blessed,

used to be called "la petite Bonne Nouvelle." The parents were admitted to church fellowship at the Chapelle Taitbout.

MY DEAR SIR :

Since leaving B——, I have often thought that I must write to to you to tell you what has become of us.

I am at F——, with my brother, who is editor of two papers. He offered me the post of manager, and I was glad to accept his offer.

You can well suppose that here the Catholic element is all-powerful ; but if you suppose that we yield to the temptation to do as others do, you are quite mistaken. No ; we have compared the two, and we know that the truth is, and can only be, in what you teach, for that is founded on the Word of God and on right principle. We shall remain what we learned to become in your good Mission Hall—firm believers.

We cannot here attend any place of worship, for there is no Protestant Church ; but if we cannot worship in a church, we have the time to read the Word of God at home and to meditate quietly upon it. When you see those good gentlemen, of whom we retain such pleasant memories, will you tell them that we often think of them, and that it would be indeed a pleasure to meet them again ?

The nearest town to this where there is a pastor is Rennes. Is it still Pastor Arnoux who is there ? I intend to call upon him when I go there, for it is a good thing to make the acquaintance of such a man. Faithfully yours,

PIERRE D.

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One of the workers writes : "The various schools of the Mission are getting on under the management of M. Grieg's young men, a temporary arrangement till the arrival of Miss Beard. The meetings, Sundays and week evenings, are well attended. We expect a good winter's campaign."

## EPERNAY.

One of the results of the Mission Boat work is the station at Epernay, in the "champagne country." Pastor Charlier writes of it :

Our work at Epernay is our delight, and gives us real encouragement. We have had an average attendance at the adult meetings of one hundred and fifty, and even during the intense heat, to my surprise, we never had less than one hundred. I have held regularly two meetings weekly, and my hearers have shown no signs of fatigue. Madame Charlier's school has been well attended, notwithstanding the opposition of the priests. The number of one hundred and seventy has been reached, though just now, owing to the holidays, the attendance is down to seventy. But it will soon pick up again.

We had to close the hall for the month of September, as we were all away, and the people were busy over the vintage. They do not like the meetings to be suspended, but there was no help for it. I avoid all controversy, and I have been cheered to see the good done to several already. I am full of hope, and I believe that there will be a lasting work accomplished.

M. Charlier speaks of the coldness of many of his church members, and of their opposition to the work of evangelization. Many in France need to have their eyes opened to see their responsibility towards their neighbors, and the door that God has opened for His word to be brought to the people.

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One of the boat-workers says : "It is impossible to put down all the different experiences we met with, but as one thought over the events of each day at the close, the impression was that numbers of persons were honestly seeking the light."

## HERE AND THERE.

The news from *Cannes* is very cheering. The meetings are well attended, and a real spiritual work going on under Mr. Weber's direction. The stations at *Grasse*, *Le Canet* and *Bocca* are flourishing. Much opposition has been shown to the work in Grasse, from the atheists and anarchists, who are strong there, as well as from the Roman Catholic element. But the work has made its way, and results are now appearing. Young men are being gathered in, and listen eagerly.

At *Nice*, too, M. Biau is encouraged. The work is by no means easy there, for many reasons; but the years of steady work bear their fruit. That is what we need to remember, that the work must take time before we can hope to see abiding fruit.

In *Corsica*, too, the work seems to make steady progress. In that part, village work seems most promising. M. Piguet spends the summers in the hills, and has found much interest awakened in the villagers. He is single-handed, and the work is trying.

From *Nantes* we have good tidings. The six months' work of M. Béthune has been blessed, and the meetings are well attended. Pastor Fargues, who now has charge of the work, writes very hopefully, and feels that a really solid work has been built up there, amidst many difficulties and among a population very hard to influence. Those seaport towns offer a fine field of work, but of hard work, for the population is of all kinds, and every form of life has to be met.

We have given about the latest news of the Mission Boat in the last QUARTERLY. It is with much regret that we cannot follow up the work on the Marne, but God has clearly closed up our way for the present.

W. S.

# RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES,

SEPTEMBER 15, TO DECEMBER 15, 1893.

MAINE, \$110.89.		NEW JERSEY, \$694.24.	
Portland Auxiliary . . . . .	\$110 89	Belvidere Auxiliary . . . . .	\$95 24
VERMONT, \$110.00.		Madison Presby. S. S. . . . .	50 00
Burlington Auxiliary . . . . .	\$100 00	Morristown Auxiliary . . . . .	175 00
St. Johnsbury — Mrs. Horace		Orange Auxiliary . . . . .	125 00
Fairbanks . . . . .	10 00	Oxford—"Little Lights" of the	
MASSACHUSETTS, \$54.00.		Second Church . . . . .	25 00
Conway—Friends . . . . .	\$4 00	Plainfield Auxiliary . . . . .	225 00
Worcester Auxiliary . . . . .	50 00	PENNSYLVANIA, \$540.00.	
CONNECTICUT, \$746.50.		Easton Auxiliary . . . . .	\$40 00
Hartford Auxiliary . . . . .	\$139 80	Philadelphia Auxiliary . . . . .	500 00
Meriden Auxiliary . . . . .	175 00	MARYLAND, \$106.00.	
Newington Cong'l Church . . .	16 80	Baltimore Auxiliary . . . . .	\$106 00
Norfolk Cong'l Ch. and Society	30 60	OHIO, \$395.00.	
Norwich Auxiliary . . . . .	334 30	Cleveland Auxiliary . . . . .	\$310 00
S. Norwalk McAll Circle . . .	20 00	Dayton Auxiliary . . . . .	85 00
Wethersfield Cong'l Church . .	30 00	INDIANA, \$50.02.	
NEW YORK, \$172.00.		Indiana Auxiliary . . . . .	\$50 12
Brooklyn Auxiliary . . . . .	\$53 00	CALIFORNIA, \$20.00.	
Ithaca—Friends . . . . .	58 00	Pasadena—J. G. Van Rijn . . .	\$20 00
New York Auxiliary . . . . .	60 00		
Syracuse Auxiliary . . . . .	1 00		

## FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars.

## FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

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known as

THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE:

*Paris and its Environs, Versailles, Sèvres, St. Germain, Creil,  
Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, Mentone, Corsica, Algiers, Grasse,  
Lyons, Le Cannet, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, La Rochelle,  
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Tonnerre, Rennes, Alencon, Lorient, Quim-  
perlé, Bruai, Epernay, Lièven, Li-  
moges, Aurillac, Brest, Perpignan,  
Rouen, Sotteville, Martainville,  
Clamecy, Tulle, St. Fortunat,  
Vermelle, Ste. Florine, Lour-  
ches, Lens, etc.*

with the  
JUVENILE MISSION.

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M. LOUIS SAUTTER.

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Vice-Chairmen :  
Pasteur B. COUVE  
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Mr. W. SOLTAU.

Correspondent and Visitor for the Provinces :  
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Pasteur H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

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